

THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

DILIGENTIBVS DEVM OMNIA
COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

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EARLY SPRING IN THE VALLEYS OF TIBET.

(Photo sent by Frs. Selosse and Schram.)



THE FIELD AFAR

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OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:

MARYKNOLL: OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh.

Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

After a good Lent, a blessed Easter!

In the meantime, a St. Patrick's Day full of graces and happy memories!

A MISSIONER in India gives in a few words one of the simplest and strongest apologies for soldier-priests that we have read. It is not, however, complimentary to the French Government:

Though missionaries are ardent patriots, patriotism alone certainly could not justify our action. Superior interests, the interests of our Society, of several of our missions, and of the Catholic Church in France, imperiously require us to answer our Government's call to arms. Bear in mind that in its solicitude, our benign French Government is closely watching our doings and would be awfully glad to find some excuse for closing our Paris Seminary and hindering our work in French colonies.

* *

EIGHTEEN millions a year for foreign missions from the United States and Canada! No, not for Catholic foreign missions.

If you cut off the last two ciphers from the \$18,000,000, and then multiply by two, you will get quite near the Catholic figures, and they are pretty low. Yet we recall how, a few years ago, when contributions from this country reached only \$200,000, some good friends of ours were quite horrified to think that 'so much money' went out of this needy land for the conversion of strange peoples. (We may whisper in your ears that these friends never gave very generously to any cause except the *Me-and-Meself Society*.)

Sit down, take your pencil, and reckon it up. You will find that American Catholics give to religion, education, and home charities, a neat little \$100,000,000 a year. If you doubt this statement, we can put you on the track of proving it.

Now suppose that we became interested enough in fulfilling the last will of Jesus Christ, to give one million dollars a year to foreign missions. Do you not see that the percentage is only a hundredth part of the whole?

The Catholic heart of the Church in this country is a great one, but it has yet to be touched by the spirit of foreign missions.

* *

WE have been trying to coax Catholic editors to give an occasional inch or more of editorial space to the foreign mission idea. Sometimes we write with

their imagined faces looking over our shoulder. Now and then we put into their hands a carefully prepared item, saying, "Please publish this," and, to give the devil his due (this is parenthetical and not personal), sometimes they use it as a filler, though they are careful not to give it a place of honor.

We are not alone in the effort to secure recognition for a great cause. Other organizations have made and are making more attempts than we can afford to make, to provide Catholic editors in this country with long-distance telescopes. But the scribes refuse to accept them.

Not all, however, are deaf or blind to the claims of foreign mission advocates. A few—and they are universally acknowledged as the best—have more than once commented editorially on this vital subject and one lately introduced *THE FIELD AFAR*, with a reference to the interest taken by a certain "Union of Steam and Operating Engineers" in our particular work.

We know that there is an embarrassment of material for the consideration of a live Catholic editor, but we are convinced that there is no more important subject to-day than that of Catholic foreign missions, many of which are facing almost certain ruin, for lack of men and means which it is in the power of our country to supply.

* *

IF this paper has any particular cause for gratification, it is in the character of its readers. That they are tolerant goes without saying, but they are also patient. More than this, they are generous, though invariably opposed to any publicity, and they unconsciously reveal fine traits of unselfishness that it does us good to note.

Now for example, here is a letter from a priest in Pennsylvania and with it comes a check for one hundred American dollars

(a somewhat rare sight here, we confess):

DEAR OLD FIELD AFAR:

Please find enclosed \$100, \$50 for perpetual membership in memory of deceased pastors and parishioners of St. _____'s congregation, _____, Pa., and \$50 for perpetual membership in memory of the former pastors and the parishioners of St. _____'s.

Yours in the Cause,
(Rev.) _____.

Note:—(1.) This stranger salutes us as if he had long known us—and we wish he had.

(2.) He is solicitous for his predecessors and for his parishioners, living and dead,—a fine trait.

(3.) Last and by no means least, he is inspired by the spirit of forgiveness and in his charity he heaps coals of fire on the head of an African from Limerick, as is revealed by this postscript:

It was the atrocious poetry of Fr. Rogan that caused me to send the enclosed.

We have tried to make ourselves believe that we need it all, but it looks as if a percentage is due to our acrobatic rhymster in Uganda.

* *

THAT the late Archbishop Roridan was in close sympathy with our work, the following letter, addressed to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in April, 1911, will show:

In reply to your letter of the 25th of March, in reference to the founding of an American Foreign Mission Seminary, I beg leave to make the following observations:

1. I am convinced that such a seminary is needed, if for no other reason than to disabuse the Oriental people of the idea that we have no standing in the United States. The Orientals admire greatness and strength, and despise small numbers and the weakness resulting therefrom. We should seek to impress them with our strength, and show that we have a deep interest in their conversion.

2. I am of the opinion that there will be no great trouble in collecting the money necessary for the erection of a large building and an endowment for the same. An endowment of a million dollars would be amply sufficient, and while that large sum



THE REDEEMER OF MANKIND.

*What excessive love, O my Saviour,
for my salvation! Jesus, Redeemer,
save me.*

might not be obtainable immediately, it would be obtainable in four or five years. There is a great deal of money lying around the entire country, if we would only seek it, and money must be sought for. It will not come of itself to us.

3. In order that the enterprise may be successful, it will be necessary, in my judgment, to make it independent in all its departments. It cannot depend for instruction upon any other institution. It must have its own professors. If students connected with the Foreign Mission Seminary attend classes at another seminary, they will be in great danger of losing their vocations and preferring to remain at home instead of going abroad.

4. It will therefore be necessary to have a rector and a vice-rector; a procurator, unless the vice-rector wishes to act as such for a time; and a staff of competent professors, four or five at least.

5. The great difficulty of the entire project will be the securing of the staff mentioned in No. 4.

6. I shall be glad to learn that the Archbishops, at their annual meeting, are in favor of this project.

I remain,
Sincerely yours,
*P. W. RIORDAN.

* *

TO our knowledge special efforts to reach the Chinese in America are being made in New York,

Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, and Montreal. In the last-named city a catechism in English-Chinese and French-Chinese has been prepared by Frs. Montanar and Callaghan, and in San Francisco a zealous Paulist, Fr. Bradley, has also prepared an instructive pamphlet. Several calls for these catechisms have come to us, principally from priests and seminarians.

Even through the fog-banks of Newfoundland some Chinese have penetrated, and one of our priest-subscribers, Fr. Finn, at Grand Falls, has this to say:

I thank you most sincerely for forwarding the Chinese catechisms so promptly. I have quite an interesting time with my poor Celestials every Sunday afternoon. After much laborious gesticulation I succeed, I think, in getting an atom of Christian knowledge into their craniums, and I am in hopes that in time I may plant a mustard seed behind the walls.

Missionary life in China must, even humanly speaking, have a bright side to it. Chinese is undoubtedly not so hard to learn as Greek, yet the latter would, I must admit, be more suitable to the climate of Newfoundland. Our icy tongues would need a lot of equatorial tempering before becoming reconciled to the lisping *tap-tap-tap* that seems to be the middle and both ends of every word in the Chinese language.

Since this was written, word has come to us that Fr. Montanar, one of the compilers of the Chinese catechism published in Montreal, has left for service in France. Any one of our readers who wishes to procure a copy of this catechism may address—La Librairie, Granger Frères, 43 Notre Dame Ouest, Montreal, Canada. The price is twenty-five cents.

Special Notice.

Subscribers who are out of work and funds, need not feel obliged to suspend their subscriptions to this paper. We will carry them over until the present stress has been relieved and we ask them simply to make the request.

A Page of Notes.



BENEFACTOR in Austria, who is a zealous propagandist, writes that the war has stirred the religious impulses of all classes. "As they say here," our friend remarks, "it is the Lord Himself Who is now preaching a great mission. Whole nations are learning again to pray."

"There seems to be considerable mission spirit here," writes a student at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario, and he asks us for some mission literature in the form of pamphlets and leaflets, to distribute among his companions. We shall not be surprised to meet that student some day, if we ever go to the Far East.

The Social Service Commission of the American Federation of Catholic Societies is doing an excellent work in trying to put out pamphlet literature. It has already a good list for selection, on social, apologetical and biographical subjects. Perhaps later missions will also find a place. Send for a catalog to A. F. C. S., 43 University Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

Gradually our list of Perpetual Associates—living and dead—is lengthening. The offering is fifty dollars, which may be forwarded, if desired, in small amounts covering a period of two years. We believe that many among our readers will be glad of the opportunity to help themselves or their dear departed ones spiritually and to materially aid our work.

A Franciscan friend, who hopes that *St. Patrick's Burse* will take a mighty leap this month, tells us on the authority of an eminent historian that the feast of Ireland's patron was celebrated in the Franciscan Order as early as the fourteenth century. He adds that

three centuries later the renowned Franciscan annalist, Luke Wadding, obtained the feast from Urban VIII. for the Universal Church.

A subscriber living in the war zone, writes that there is much comment among all classes of people on the efficacy of the crucifix. In many churches, chapels, and shrines it stands as if miraculously preserved, in the midst of ruins. On the breasts of soldiers it has warded off bullets and fragments of flying shell, and even Jews in the trenches have begged the chaplains to allow them to wear the Christian symbol.

"A laugh to fit every face," is the sign we noticed as we passed through Twenty-Third St., New York, lately. Of course it was a signal to enter some 'Movie' Station and we went on, but not without at least a smile,—a dry one at that.

We could not help thinking how ingenious these nickel-snatchers are, and the words of Our Lord rose to our lips: "*The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light.*"

Protestant missions will doubtless suffer a considerable loss on account of the war. We notice in a recent item published by the *New York Sun* that "the Protestant missionary enterprise of the world involves \$33,000,000 a year," and that the Protestants of the United States and Canada last year contributed nearly \$18,000,000. This year it is said that unless support is given by America, much larger than ever before, "all the missionary endeavors in the world will be endangered."

There is a boarding and day school in Wilkes-Barre, Pa., known as St. Ann's Academy and conducted by the Sisters of Christian Charity. This institution is remarkable as counting among its pupils a Chinese girl, Lucy Woo,

BE THE EXECUTOR OF YOUR OWN WILL.

Our Society, incorporated under the laws of New York State, will accept gifts, large or small, in money, stocks, or bonds, agreeing to pay to the donor for life a reasonable income from the same. Persons of comparatively small means will by this arrangement probably obtain a better income than at present, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest. At the same time they will be furthering the cause of foreign missions.

We invite correspondence on this subject and will gladly send further details.

(See opposite page, top of column 3.)

the daughter of a Catholic Chinese catechist in New York.

So far as we know, Lucy Woo is the only one of her kind in any American convent school, and she represents, in this connection, nearly one-third of all the people on the globe. We are pleased to note from the following letter that this young Chinese girl is appreciated by her classmates:

In October, 1913, Lucy Woo asked to be admitted to the Academy. She was but ten years old and had been in this country only three years. She was accepted and has all the advantages given to a pupil of St. Ann's.

Lucy is in the fifth grade in school and studies French and music also. She is an apt and docile pupil, and we expect to be very proud of her some day, when she returns to her native land to instruct her countrymen. That is her object in attending St. Ann's—to learn all she can, so that when she is graduated, she may go back to China to labor as a missionary among her own people.

In the North of Italy there are, to our knowledge, three foreign mission seminaries. All are very much alive to present needs, and their directors are struggling hard to get a proper backing from their compatriots.

One of these directors, a very zealous young priest, is at Turin, where the Editor of *THE FIELD AFAR* had the pleasure of meeting him in 1911. He had never been

in an English-speaking country, but he had learned enough English to converse with satisfaction to himself and to his visitor. His interest in our language and his evident appreciation of American Catholic activities may be realized from the following letter, which we reproduce exactly as it came to us, a short time ago:

What a catastrophe, indeed, this war, for the whole world, but in particular for the mission field! How many young, fiery apostles are distracted from the great work, and are killing and being killed! What a drying-up of the source of forces for the Apostolate! Of late, our Superior, having been in Rome, heard at the Propaganda that about three hundred White Fathers were on the gory fields of France. This is only of the White Fathers; what of all the others? And the money question has not even need of being mentioned. Honor to the great American Catholic Church, that has nobly started to make up, as far as possible, for the tremendous losses!

Here in Italy we are struggling through a heavy business depression, made more acute by the enormous reflux of Italian emigrants. The spectre of war is hanging over our heads, and if it comes, the privilege we are now enjoying ceasing of itself, not a few of our aspirants for the Apostolate will have to go to the colors. May God spare us!

Just now we are preparing a departure of three priests, two Brothers, and four Sisters, who are to leave Genoa en route for Mombasa on the 28th next, if.....before the Turkish hordes do not block up the Suez canal. At home, God is pouring His blessings on this least congregation. Our numbers keep good—at present ten priests, thirty divines, ten Brothers, forty small boys, and fifty-three Sisters—and we are planning a building extension on the north side, if.....the tremendous 'if' of these days!

You can easily imagine what pleasure bring us the monthly news we receive of your Seminary, how we rejoice at the gradual growth of the Vénard School, and the new departure of your Teresians in the religious life! Tender to them my best wishes and the promises of my—nay *our*—poor prayers for their success, their rapid growth in number and sanctity.

NEW STOCK JUST ARRIVED.

Prayer Prints { 5 cts. a set (16 subjects).
25 cts. a hundred.

Post-Cards { 10 cts. a set (15 subjects).
50 cts. a hundred.

Come All Ye!

"DID you ever remark," a priest who loves the Irish people said to us one day, "how few prayers are offered through the intercession of St. Patrick, even by those of us who owe most to him?" "That's about right," we agreed musingly. And isn't it so?

Good St. Patrick seems to have won to himself, at least in our generation, something of a patriotic love, that likes to express itself in feasting and noise, rather than in prayer and silent devotion.

Now look at our St. Patrick's Bursar, which has been running, or rather, almost standing still, for almost three years. "It's a shame," writes one of the contributors. And so it is, but what are you going to do about it?

Come all ye! Irish gentlemen, women, too, and your descendants! The next best thing to prayer is a gift to such a cause as St. Patrick's Bursar represents. Come all ye!

The Mission Mail.

THE mail has brought us letters from the following missionaries:

AFRICA—

Fr. Matthews, Nsambya; Fr. Buren, Alwor; Fr. P. Rogan, Mumias.

CHINA—

Fr. Hemeryck, Nan-hao-tzien; Fr. Basil, Sianfu; Fr. Joseph M. Ouang, Ping-hu; Sr. Mary Angeline, Canton.

The Investment-Gift.

Mrs. — has given to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated, a check for one thousand dollars, in memory of her son. This amount has been carefully invested and in return the Society has given to Mrs. — a promise, signed and sealed, to pay twice a year a reasonable rate of interest,—higher than any savings bank can give, yet not so high as to cause even a present loss to the Society. Mrs. —, therefore, has the advantage of this income while she lives, and at her death the Society will apply the principal and interest to one of its burses.

Are you in a position to make a similar 'investment gift'?

INDIA—

Fr. Leblanc, Karikal; Fr. Francis, Pallai; Fr. M. Seyres, Mambalapattu.

INDO-CHINA—

Fr. Allard, Rangoon.

JAPAN—

Fr. Calixte Gelinaz, Iwamizawa.

OCEANIA—

Bishop Douceré, New Hebrides.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—

Bishop Foley, Tuguegarao; Fr. Vande-walle, Tagudin.

Letters and photographs have come to us from:

CHINA—

Fr. J. M. Fraser, Taichowfu.

INDIA—

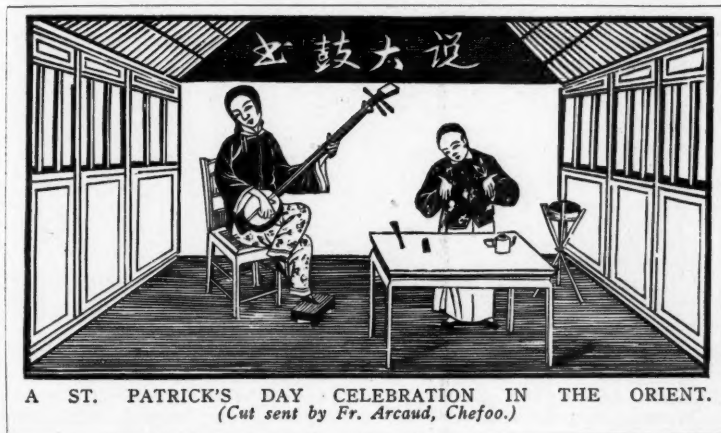
Brother J. Anthony, Bellary.

OCEANIA—

Fr. Guinard, Fiji.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS—

Fr. Wm. Finemann, Tayum.





FR. BOUMA, OF UGANDA, BEFORE
HIS RECTORY.

(Fr. Bouma is Fr. Rogan's neighbor.)

FR. ROGAN again! His latest 'explosive' comes in good season and we feel sure that all true friends of St. Patrick will find a warm place in their hearts for his African namesake—*Patrisi*.

Why not send a remembrance to *Patrisi's* Uncle Pat, over in Uganda, when you are forwarding to us that oft-intended addition to our *St. Patrick Burse*?

To a Dead Catechist.

[When Christ began His public ministry, He called and trained twelve men to assist Him. Poor, despised, and humble in the sight of men, yet they were noble, brave, pure and upright in the sight of God.

The missionary, too, beginning his ministry, cherishes the most likely souls who daily attend his instructions. Like the Apostles, his people also are poor, despised and humble, yet some are found—yes, even among primitive African savages—who are noble, brave and upright to a degree. These souls receive the missionary's special care and attention, for they are to be sent "two by two before his face, into every city and place whither he himself is to come." (St. Luke x. i.)

Knowing thoroughly the customs of the natives and knowing, likewise thoroughly, the principles of our holy faith, these catechists are invaluable to the pioneer missionary who is pegging out claims in a new country. Needless to say, comparatively few of our Christians attain to such a degree of perfection as to willingly leave all things to help their priest, and the death of one who *does* make such a sacrifice, is an irreparable loss.]

I.

PATRISI!—once as fair of face
As thou wert sweet of name,
Redeemed from thy benighted race
By me—I sing thy fame.

Rogan - Land.

II.

I see thy dear, old, woolly head,
Thy face—so plump and greasy;
But hush!—they tell me thou art dead,
I mourn thee, poor *Patrisi*.

III.

Thy smile brought solace to my heart,
In many an hour of pain;
But such is life—we meet, then part,
Nor live the past again.

IV.

Thy wit—alas! how I'll miss that—
Had root in Irish sod;
Sure, that's why I baptized thee PAT,
Green Erin's Saint of God.

V.

I miss thee, Pat—God knows I do—
Far more than words can tell;
And Pat, my children miss thee too,
You knew their ways so well.

VI.

We priests of God, we "wise, white men,"
Appal their puny mind;
But thou wert *black*—wert one of them—
And oh! thou wert so kind.

VII.

Thy name was known for miles around,
All knew their friend and guide;
Where joy should reign, there grief is found,
Because that friend has died.

VIII.

These memories of the happy past
Call forth a silent tear;
Thyself art dead—but they will last,
Believe me, Patsy dear.

IX.

I love to dwell upon the day
You "chose the better part";
'Twas God Who called, Who showed
the way,
Praised be His loving Heart.

X.

I dwell upon *another* day,
I hear God calling still;
Patrisi, love, you've *gone* the way,
Praised be His Holy Will.
P. ROGAN,
Mumias, B. E. Africa.



FR. BOUMA'S CHURCH IN
UGANDA.

(The letter below is from the curate.)

THE letter that follows is long, but it's all about Fr. Rogan, our far-famed poet of the Upper Nile. It comes to us from a young Mill Hill priest who lives in the district adjoining Fr. Rogan's, and it throws some interesting side-lights on the conditions in which our friend lives. We only hope that Fr. Patrick-Peter's head will not be turned by the nice things his neighbor says about him.

The inhabitants of Fr. Rogan's district are known among officials and missionaries as the laziest, most untrustworthy, and most immoral tribe of the East African Protectorate. They will hardly do any work except the little cultivation that is necessary in order to obtain their food.

The location of his mission is so unhealthy that the government buildings located there are to be transferred, but Fr. Rogan has to stick at his post. The number of white ants is infinite—and I need not explain to you the destructive nature of these pests. The only permanent building in Mumias is the priests' dwelling-house, which is built of sun-dried bricks, with grass roof. The ants are in the roof and have already caused the removal of one pillar. Instead of the brick pillar, a dozen sticks support the roof in that place. One day Fr. Rogan's curate left his leather purse on the ground, and the next day it had entirely disappeared, eaten by ants. Everything planted is destroyed by these creatures. But for them, thousands of trees would surround the mission, but now there are only about twenty left, none of them higher than seven feet.

Then there is the food question. In our mission each boy costs us a cent a day (one-third of an American cent). This feeds him and he is content. Moreover, as we can buy food and give it to him, there is no chance for

abuse. But in Fr. Rogan's station each boy costs six cents a day (two American cents), and since there is no food to be bought, the money itself must be given. By means of strict discipline, Fr. Rogan manages the boys very well, but sometimes they all come home half-drunk, having spent their money on native beer.

Not long ago Fr. Rogan passed through our mission in excellent spirits. By hard work he had succeeded in gathering about sixty catechumens, the largest number ever recorded in his place. But sixty boys meant three hundred and sixty cents a day. Funds had never existed, and a debt of nearly three hundred dollars forced him to send his boys home for the holidays. After trying every other means to secure help, he at last appealed to headquarters, and to his astonishment, received the desired amount. He realized, however, that headquarters could not always assist him in this way, even though his position was a difficult one, and that before long debt would enter his door again. Therefore he arranged that the boys should be paid for by their respective chiefs, as many of them were of the highest rank. Now no one is admitted unless his food is thus provided for, and at the end of every week all go home and come back with a week's supply. There are some very promising boys who cannot be received, much to the disappointment of our poet. But resources will diminish on account of the war, private gifts will lessen, and what can our friend do but drive his new scheme resolutely on?

Finally, there is the difficulty of the language. Many young missionaries go first to Uganda, to learn the native language. There they have everything to help them—grammar, vocabulary, books, and Fathers who know the tongue. Hence, if they are afterward sent to a different Bantu tribe, they already have the backbone of the new language and the rest will easily follow. But Fr. Rogan has never had such an opportunity to study the language; he has had to dig it out for himself. He knows a little of it now, but experiences daily difficulties.

Many lesser trials, which are common to all missions, exist also in Fr. Patrick's—he himself says his name is Peter—but these are extra ones that have fallen to his lot. In such an atmosphere he breathes forth his poetical feelings and sends them over the broad ocean. It seems that nothing is able to stifle or smother the attributes of his sterling character and immense energy. He is the pride of all who are so lucky as to be counted among his personal acquaintances.

March 17th in Japan.

ONE of the most interesting stories in the history of the Church is that which follows. Written by Fr. Raguet, who is at present working in the very spot where the events narrated took place, it was translated for us by a good priest in New Jersey.

On the 17th of March the Catholics of Japan will celebrate a memorable event—the discovery of the faith in Japan after more than two centuries of persecution.

In 1865 prejudice against Christians had not disappeared in the Island Empire, but our missionaries were allowed to reside in open ports and have there churches for the service of foreigners. Nagasaki was one of the first of these ports to be occupied, and it was in the chapel of Nagasaki that the miraculous preservation of the faith was revealed.

A few days after the opening of the church, fifteen visitors called on the missionary, Fr. Petitjean, and told him, "The heart of all of us here is the same as yours." Amazed at such a declaration, the priest said, "Indeed! Where do you come from?" "We are

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sells for fifty cents.
Postage ten cents extra.

An American Missionary in Alaska

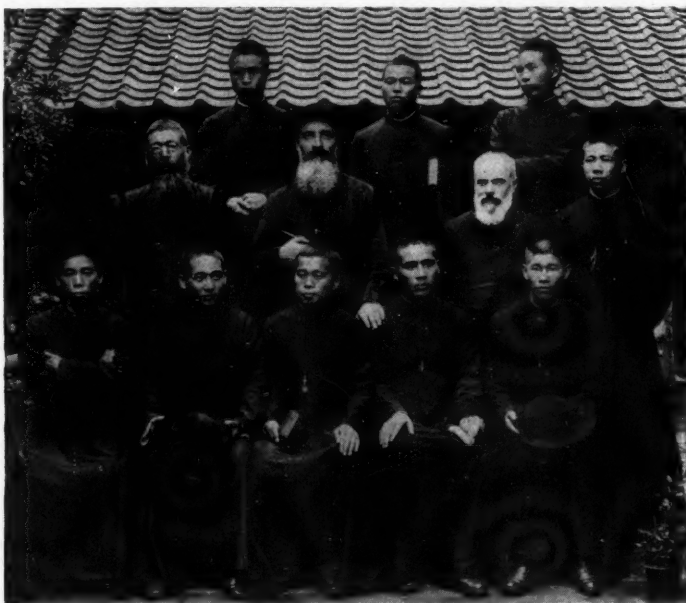
(Fr. Judge, S.J.)

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25 " " " 10.00
50 " " " 20.00
100 " " " 40.00

all from Urakami," was the reply. "There almost every one has the same heart as we." They asked to see "Santa Maria," and when brought before the statue of Our Lady, they fell on their knees, exclaiming, "Indeed this is Santa Maria! Behold the Child Jesus in her arms!"



SOME NATIVE PRIESTS IN JAPAN.
(The native priests seem destined to save the Church in Japan, on account of the withdrawal of so many missionaries for service in France.)

Fr. Petitjean learned also that they had celebrated Our Lord's birth in a stable on the 25th of December, that they knew of His death on the Cross, and that they were now passing through the Season of Sorrow (Lent). He found that in spite of a continuous persecution of more than two hundred and fifty years, hundreds of families had handed down in great secrecy the Catholic teaching on baptism, a treatise on perfect contrition as a most efficacious means of salvation, and prayers in Latin and Japanese. The Church of Urakami had a religious organization, with its baptizers and prayer-leaders, and a calendar indicating the feast and fast days of the year.

At the news of this discovery, the entire Catholic Church exulted and Pope Pius IX. wept for joy. It is true that persecution broke out again and that for several years the faithful Christians endured the greatest misery. But in 1880 relief came, and they built a chapel on the very spot where in the days of persecution the Cross had been trampled upon by a few apostates and where numerous martyrs had suffered valiantly for Christ's sake.

To-day there are 6,800 Catholics in Urakami and preparations are being made to celebrate with fitting solemnity the "Discovery of the Faith." It is the great ambition of these good people to complete their new church for consecration on the great day, that it may be handed down to posterity as a votive offering on the spot sanctified by the blood of martyrs and the whole-hearted fidelity of confessors.

OCEANIA.

Even the remote islands of Oceania are feeling the effects of the war. The following letter is from Bishop Douceré, of the New Hebrides, who is hopefully looking beyond the clouds of the battlefield to the dawn of happier days:

The terrible war raging in Europe is doing great harm to the missions. But America is safe, and God will make use of her to tide the missionaries over these difficult times. When peace is restored, the Catholics of the Old World will strive, I hope, to take up again their interest in the missions, assisting them with both men and means. Meanwhile America will be well advanced on the way of the Apostolate and there will be among Catholic nations of the whole world a holy emulation—the pledge of most glorious conquests—in seeking the final conversion of heathendom. Pray that this blessed time may soon come.

CHINA.

We are always glad to record the names of English-speaking missionaries in China, and we have heard lately of one, Fr. John McVeigh, C. M., who died at a hospital in Chicago some twelve or fifteen years ago. Fr. McVeigh was a native of County Down, and after eighteen years on the Chinese Mission, came to this country to gather funds. He prepared a French-Chinese dictionary which was of great service to missionaries.

The Catholic Women's League—this is the name of a society, not in some American metropolis, but in Hongkong. We have learned of its existence through a Portuguese lady who has recently joined our list of Associate Subscribers. She writes:

Our chief aim is to bring together the Catholic women of this colony and to help our Bishop in any work that he would like us to do. We have a library, which is kept in the League club-rooms. It contains a good selection of books, and the Bishop gives us his copy of *THE FIELD AFAR*. He sends it to me first and I always lend it to the Sisters at the Italian convent, before putting it on the library table. So you see through how many hands the paper passes.

Would it interest you to read this brief report of a diocese—or rather, what is called a vicariate—in Central Mongolia? You know the section, up in Asia between China and Siberia. Bishop Van Aertselaer likes us and wishes us to realize what his vicariate accomplished last year.

He has 44 European priests, all Belgians, poor unfortunates, and they are helped by 28 native priests. Eighteen nuns (Franciscan Missionaries of Mary) and 117 native virgins and widows teach children and nurse in the hospitals, while 300 hired catechists, men and women, are employed steadily by the mission. The Catholics have increased nearly 9000 in four years and now number 36,540.

'Ye old-fashioned school' is fast disappearing in China. Fr. Fraser, who brings out this interesting contrast between the schools of the past and of the present, hopes that as the Chinese have come to adopt the foreign system of education, so they will in time realize the necessity of the foreign religion.

Education in China is now on a modern footing. Its vast organization, which embraces millions of pupils, is divided into primary schools, high schools, and universities. The curriculum is the same as in the United States. Beside these centres of education, our Catholic schools are poor, pigmy affairs.

A few years ago, such state institutions were not in existence. Formerly, the only thing taught was classic Chinese and the pupils were not divided into classes. All were studying different books, or different parts in the same book, and the master called them up, one after another, to recite their lessons. Those who remained in their places, facing the teacher or with their backs to him—"any old way," were trying to get their passage of ancient philosophy off by heart and were shouting at the top of their lungs. Of course all were yelling something different and no one understood what he was saying. Though this system is still in use in some places, it is rapidly giving way to modern methods.

Are any of our missionaries expecting to visit America this year and do they plan to come, or to return, by way of the Pacific Coast? If so, perhaps they will be interested in the Pan-Pacific Conference of the *Asiatic Institute*, which is to be held in San Francisco, and we shall be glad to correspond with them on this subject.

A FOREIGN MISSION BURSE

—to share in such may be one of your privileges. To contribute to the formation of a priest who later will remember you at the altar, is indeed a privilege which a devout Catholic would give much to possess.

Each Burse, or foundation, will provide for the education, not only of one priest, but of many in successive generations. Every Burse represents at least \$5,000, which will be carefully invested so as to draw a yearly interest sufficient for this purpose.

Joe the Jap.

By Fr. John Wakefield.



MR. HOKI JOSEPH ASHUTO had just registered his name at the bursar's office in the great American college which it is the ambition of many an Oriental to enter. He had asked and received a list of 'students' rooms to let,' and was directed to the President of the Cosmopolitan Club to meet those of his fellow-countrymen who belonged to that interesting and useful organization,—a society that includes in its membership students from about every part of the globe except Greenland and Iceland.

The president greeted Mr. Ashuto kindly, regretted that it was too early to find any members around, and advised him to go on a lone hunt for lodgings before nightfall. Hoki bowed low, and, following a sage counsel, applied for directions to every policeman he met. He finally ended his search at 1132 Bay State Avenue, a modest brick house where he secured a hall-room for two dollars a week. "Four yen" seemed large to him, but he was beginning to realize that a dollar in the United States breaks easily and scatters quickly.

The bed he did not like, and Miss Boland, the directress of the house, as well as the owner, was somewhat disturbed, because that particular bed was new and unusually comfortable. But when Mr. Ashuto explained that he wanted more room and less bed, and that if she would let him have

a piece of carpet or a rattan matting, he would, in a very short time, shift the bed to the attic, or to the cellar, or to any other locality, the good lady resumed her normal expression. And shift it he did, sleeping thereafter on the floor,—a custom which the devil's advocate will ridicule if ever it is brought up in the canonization of a Japanese saint.

The directress was amused. She was also pleased, because she needed a spare bed and her pocket-book was lean. But her heart went out to the little yellow student, and as she tiptoed by his door that first night, she wondered how it was possible for any sober man to sleep on the hard floor. She pictured the youth restlessly turning all night long, and so he was, but not his body. His sleep was sound, in spite of dreams innumerable, and his eyes were bright as he passed Miss Boland the next morning on his way out to breakfast at the Commons.

Miss Boland was of a retiring disposition. She tried to make ends meet by adding together the small payments received from about eight poor students. Her patience was often tried and occasionally some incorrigible got in—and out—but she found her work, on the whole, interesting. Though glad of the relief, she was always lonely after the students left for the long holidays.

This was her first experience, however, with a Japanese, and it was his first experience with an American landlady. Each was somewhat at sea in taking the other's gauge, but a few days sufficed to break the ice and soon Mr. Hoki was quite at home with

'Miss the Directress,' who always referred to him as Mr. Ashuto, while everybody else dubbed him Joe the Jap.

Now it was something unusual for a Japanese to be called Joe or Joseph. The bursar had remarked this middle name and had mentioned the fact that Mr. Ashuto was the first Japanese in the college to bear it. Miss Boland, too, a devout Catholic, had made mental note of the name and one day she plucked up courage to ask him how he got it. He told her that his mother had died soon after his birth, and that he had been brought up by an old Christian couple, distant relatives of his father, who lived near Nagasaki. These good people had always called him Joseph. When, later, he was transferred to Osaka and introduced to a new mother, his father had warned him not to use the name. But not long afterwards he entered the Bright Star School at Osaka, and finding that Joseph was the name of his favorite professor, he resumed it.

As the young Japanese finished speaking, his eyes rested on a small statue that stood on the mantel-piece, and, self-composed as he usually was, he gave a little start. Miss Boland noticed the movement and remarked it again a few moments later, when, as she opened her purse to draw out



some change for the maid, her rosary dropped to the floor. Then followed a series of questions, asked with apparent indifference but each one more puzzling than the other. Was Miss Boland French? Were there any French Christians in America? Did she ever hear of the head of the French Church in Rome? Could one buy a little statue or some of the prayer-beads like hers? And suddenly slipping his hand into a mysterious pocket, he drew forth an ancient brass metal, bearing on one side the image of Our Lady carrying her Infant Son, and on the other, the figure of St. Joseph.

"I wore this," he said, "as a child, and I keep it always. My old uncle told me he put it on me when I was named Joseph. In his house I saw beads like yours."

Miss Boland was pleased but she was also puzzled. While she knew that there were Catholics in Japan, she had never met any, and certainly, until now, Mr. Ashuto had given no signs of any sympathy for the Catholic faith. On the contrary, every Sunday morning and one evening each week, a rather prim young man called for him, and she knew that together they attended Protestant services in the neighborhood.

The incident passed without further development until one afternoon when Miss Boland, returning from a day's shopping, found a group of four men in her little parlor. Father Moore, the parish assistant, was there, with John Foley, one of her roomers and an officer in the University Catholic Club. There was also a bearded priest, whom Miss Boland recognized as the missionary to

whom she had given her mite at church the day before, and last, as well as least in size, bowing and smiling, his eyes dancing with delight, was Joseph Ashuto, who kindly introduced the stranger as one of his old professors at Osaka.

"I was just making a confession when you came in, Miss Boland," said Fr. Moore. "Joseph Ashuto, your distinguished roomer, was on the highway to Catholic belief when in Osaka, under Fr. Nicholas, our friend here. During the holidays he left unexpectedly for the United States. He carried with him letters from his father's friends, and through these he was received very kindly by several people and introduced into Protestant Church circles. He has been at the University for some time, as you know, and even in the house of such a practical Catholic as your good self, but it was only a few days ago that he discovered the Church of his baptism in this neighborhood.

"And here is my confession, which I make for Mr. Foley, for

you, and for myself. We lose some fine opportunities while we wait to be approached on the subject of our faith. Joseph Ashuto has had a dozen invitations to attend as many different Protestant Churches, while Catholics who lived in the same house with him never thought to give him a hint that they would be pleased to have him come to one of their services. When I see these strangers on the street, I never consider them as possible Catholics, nor do I imagine that under their stolid faces there is lurking a shadow of curiosity to know what we know and believe.

"This attitude is wrong; it is un-Catholic. I am going to take a different stand, and I feel that Mr. Foley and yourself will follow my example. If we are anxious to have outsiders properly appreciate our Church, we can find a way to secure their interest. The way follows, if the heart prompts. Joseph, here, would probably have returned to Japan a professed sectarian, if he had not, by accident, bumped into Fr. Nicholas in



STUDENTS OF THE BRIGHT STAR SCHOOL, OSAKA, JAPAN.

(Japanese students are fond of theatricals and grotesque processions.)

(Photo sent by Fr. Heinrich.)

front of the rectory this morning. We will see to it that when Joseph Ashuto, A.B., goes back to his native land, he will know that the



FR. NICHOLAS WALTER Catholic Church is not confined to French-speaking peoples, that the United States is not a Protestant country, that thinking men among non-Catholics regard the strength and authority of the Catholic Church as the greatest safeguard of this or any other nation,—and a few more facts which we are in a position to show him.

"And now, Miss Boland, Joseph wishes to go to Mass every Sunday. So don't give him too comfortable a bed. And you, John Foley, enter this boy's name on the roster of the Catholic Club as an aspirant member. Fr. Nicholas and Joseph are going to dine by themselves and spend the evening together, to talk over old times and to plan for a future full of promise for the next life as well as for this."

The priest shook hands cordially with all and took his departure.

He left each inspired with a new spirit, and he himself felt stronger as he walked back to the rectory.

Maryknoll, March, 1915.

* *

A Word for Ourselves.

ONE of our simple-minded correspondents asks if we would accept a gift of groceries occasionally, *e. g.*, sugar and flour. May our pen refuse to write if we ever refuse such!

As a matter of fact, however, Maryknoll has rarely received edibles without a bill. The Vénard has been more fortunate in this respect, for the Scranton people are neighborly, and they like to see a baby grow.

The worst blow yet—and we have had some knuckle-raps, more or less deserved—came through a well-intentioned community of Sacred Heart nuns, who had heard from some of their alumnae that we did not need money but students. *We need both*, and we can't keep number two without number one.

Take out your pencil and write an answer to this question: What does it cost a poor man or a struggling store-girl for board and room by the week? Now multiply this by fifty (and we have more in our two camps); then multiply the result by the number of weeks in a year.

And before you tear up the memo, please recall that we have yet to buy a home for our young school in Scranton, and that before long we shall have to provide a substantial and permanent building for our Seminary at Maryknoll, another for THE FIELD AFAR, and—but what's the use?

If we go on, you will think we are foolish, especially if you are a business man, because such men find it hard to understand that business methods may be supplemented, if not replaced, by other factors, when it is a question of organizing what is needed and what God approves.

The Burse Roll.

A burse or foundation is a sum of money, the interest of which will support and educate, continuously, one of our students for the priesthood.

COMPLETED BURSES.

The Cardinal Farley Burse..	\$5,000.
The Sacred Heart Memorial Burse	5,000.
The Boland Memorial Burse	6,000.
The Blessed Sacrament Burse	5,000.
*The St. Willibrord Burse...	5,000.
The Providence Diocese Burse	5,002.
The Fr. Elias Younan Burse	5,000.

PARTIALLY COMPLETED BURSES.

Towards Mary, Queen of Apostles, Burse.....	\$4,612.48
Towards Cheverus Centennial School Burse.....	*3,107.50
Towards the A. M. D. G. Memorial Burse.....	1,500.00
Towards All Souls Burse...	1,382.71
Towards St. Joseph Burse	1,264.38
Towards Father B. Burse...	*1,054.00
Towards St. Teresa Burse..	1,020.00
Towards Bl. Theophane Vénard Burse.....	899.00
Towards Holy Child Jesus Burse	844.80
Towards Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	802.58
Towards St. Patrick Burse..	712.52
Towards Little Flower of Jesus Burse (for Scranton)	594.08
Towards St. Stephen Burse	342.00
Towards Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	312.00
Towards St. Columba Burse	300.00
Towards Unnamed Memorial Burse	197.00
Towards St. Anthony Burse	166.40
Towards Pius X. Burse....	164.20
Towards St. Lawrence Burse	162.00
Towards St. Francis Xavier Burse	117.71
Towards St. John the Baptist Burse	106.00
Towards St. Boniface Burse	103.00
Towards J. M. F. Compound Interest Burse.....	100.00
Towards Holy Ghost Burse	78.00
Towards All Saints Burse..	67.05
Towards St. Francis of Assisi Burse.....	41.75
Towards St. Dominic Burse	10.25

Any burse or share in a burse may be donated, if desired, in memory of the deceased.

*On hand but not operative.

The price of *The Ex-Seminarian*, given in our January issue as sixty cents, postpaid, should be \$1.10, with twenty cents extra for postage. The book is published by the Society of the Divine Word, at Techny, Ill.

The Knoll in March.

OF course the meat bill makes us tired, just as it does you, but we would rather be the man to pay the bill than be the meat. This may strike you as a very trivial thought, but it isn't. It is a somewhat serious reflection, which we have made after watching our foreman do some butchering.

"Not a dollar of our benefactors' money to Armour & Co. next month!" was the order that went out, and it created great excitement in the cow-yard, as also in the hog-annex and the hen-coops. The sheep were safe, for the time.

Three young Berkshire pigs were the first victims, and we had no compassion for them, because when their mother was dispatched before their very eyes, they did not shed a tear, nor even lose their appetites. *Maryknoll Turkey* is the name given to the dish that is now serving—and being served—to commemorate them.

In life they did not measure up to what was expected of them, considering their aristocratic pedigree, and for weeks they were eating and not growing fat,—an unpardonable crime in a porker, however it may be considered among the 'hostile sex' of the human species. But as an edible substance, more or less delicious, according to one's taste, they are saving us time and, for the present at least, money. We are making use of everything found inside their hides, and we might have preserved the grunt, had we felt the need of it.

The next holocaust was a cow. She was of a refined nature, a real Jersey, very highly recommended by her former owner, but a 'good riddance' to the hired man who milked her. She was not a kicker; she was too well-bred for that. But her milking machine had, it seems, through

heredity or some other cause, become ill-adapted to the manipulation of any horny-handed son of the soil. Whoever sat at her feet, before long turned against her. Such is life.

Then, evidently for some other reason, the rest of the herd frowned on her. She did not belong to their class. Her skin was a creamy brown and theirs ran into the reds. She was small and they were large. She was lonely and pensive (*sic*); they were gregarious and care-free.

They probably scented the milker's dislike, too, and when they realized that the little *Jerseyine* was, as they don't always say in Boston, 'in wrong,' they began literally to jump on her. They nagged her, poked at her with their horns and did mean little tricks to her (almost as if they were human), until finally she was bruised in flesh and in spirit, and we had to give her a private acreage, with special privileges. She responded well, and later presented us with a pet calf. But after this it was decided that there should be no

further sufferings for the faithful creature, whose milk was rich but rare.

So one fine day, with a derrick swing from the barn door, she was led to a tempting feast of red-ripe corn-ears, and just as she was enjoying to the full this extra portion of dessert, she—well, why say more? The next day three hundred and fifty pounds of meat, all nicely trimmed, were being seasoned under a pile of snow.

Perhaps, now, some of our readers who were interested in our purchase of a white horse, will ask if he was the next victim. We answer: No, we do not live in Europe.

To get back to that horse, however, now that it is recalled, we wish to announce that he served our purpose until the *Tin Lizzy* runabout arrived from our friend in New Jersey. Then we sold him for what we paid for him—fifteen dollars, with the harness and shoes, only half-worn, thrown in.

It is quite a transition from the



OUR STOCK-YARDS ARE NOT IN THE CHICAGO CLASS.
(From a neighbor's house, which appears in this photograph, the towers of New York—thirty miles away—may be seen on a clear day.)

farm to the chapel, but it is made regularly and frequently every day at the Knoll. And our readers won't object to so sudden an introduction.

The Seminary chapel is the soul of our establishment. The life that animates the Seminary itself,

gold. The tabernacle door alone has any richness of detail. The symbols of the four Evangelists occupy the corners of the altar-front and in the centre is the *Chi Rho*, now familiar to our readers and very much in evidence at Maryknoll.



THE SOUL OF MARYKNOLL.
(An unworthy photograph of a worthy chapel. The next will be better.)

and even THE FIELD AFAR, comes from behind the lamp that flickers continuously within the four walls and under the low, flat ceiling of this House of God.

We are proud of our chapel, as well as fond of it. It is not ordinary, perhaps because of its extreme simplicity, and it was not costly. The unsolicited charity of a noble woman, whose right hand does not know what her left hand gives, enabled us to start and complete it. Her generosity also made it possible for us to install an altar that is the delight of all who see it and that grows more impressive on acquaintance,—always a good sign.

In the chapel itself no plaster is visible except on the ceiling. All is covered with wood, inexpensive cypress, but stained to a dark oak. The altar is of fumed oak and its few small fields for ornament are treated in subdued colors and

Chi Rho (*key-ro*) are the first two letters of the Greek word for Christ. The circle represents the earth and the combination recalls the mission of Maryknoll—to carry the name of Christ to the ends of the earth.

The stalls on the sides of the chapel are occupied by the students. In the rear are, on one side, a sacristy, and on the other, two side altars, one marking a martyrs' shrine, about which we shall have more to say one of these days.

The organ is almost too small to appear in any photograph, and besides, we don't like to have our poverty on parade.

We have installed a new water supply. Since October, 1912, we have been limping along merrily, with an uncertain pump drawing from a brook that all but disappeared 'in the good old summer

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time.' Now we have an Artesian well sunk in solid rock, and a new pump into the bargain.

What did it cost? Oh, now, you can't get those accommodations for nothing and we can't get along without water, you know. Well, it came to a thousand dollars. But we are asking for so many things that we intend to pay this bill and say nothing more,—unless to thank some reader who needs money less than we do and who will apply his superfluity to our want.

* *

A Campaign in Scranton.

UNTIL recently, The Vénard, our apostolic school, has been in Scranton, rather than of Scranton. It has been leading the hidden life (the seed must die before it can vivify), and comparatively small has been the number of its friends and patrons, faithful and generous though they are.

But a deep bass voice from the wilderness of the West has been sending sound waves over the diocese in an ever-widening circle and Scranton is rapidly awaking to the idea that a young organization, still poor and struggling, but with good promise, is trying to settle among its worthy people.

Fr. William Kane, the possessor of this voice, reports a pleasing experience, and is enthusiastic over the growing interest manifested in our work. Already, in the short space of six weeks, he

has given numerous lectures, some with stereopticon views, besides several conferences in schools and fraternal societies.

Fr. Kane has, of course, met some obstacles, but this was to be expected. One of his adverse experiences, while it was annoying, amused him, as it did us, because it was so refreshingly cool, even for the winter season. Agents of a certain well-known magazine did Fr. Kane the honor of attending one of his lectures. A little later they made a canvass of the district, armed with copies of their own magazine, containing a printed speech delivered by Fr. Kane months before. It was a really thoughtful act, though not altogether considerate, and undoubtedly not sanctioned by the society represented. In any event, some subscribers were lost to *THE FIELD AFAR*, but we are happy in the assurance that a good paper is going to them.

* * * The 'Take-In'.

LAST month's new subscriptions were:

Associate	- - - - -	170
Ordinary	- - - - -	181

* * * A Confession of Need.

"YOUR paper is extremely interesting (thanks—O thanks!), but what amuses me most is the way you ask for anything from a sewing machine to a baby."

Well, did you ever?

By the way, this rather flippant remark calls to our mind a few real needs:

- A chapel organ;
- Payment of the bill for our new water-pump;
- A baling press for useless correspondence, 'penny dreadful' exchanges, and other forms of wasted paper;
- A ring for the bull's nose;
- An expert accountant;
- A *Field Afar* office-building (the name of the donor to be kept out of sight).



YOU CAN'T FILL THEM TOO FULL FOR US. THROW IT IN.
(Photo sent by Fr. Kleinpeter, Korea.)

O Donegal, O. U.!

TWO hundred dollars for St. Columba's Burse from a Bishop. This is pleasant reading for us and ought to find a way to the hearts, if not to the pockets, of every Donegal man (or woman) who reads these lines. The Bishop tells us that the right kind of Donegal Catholic is fondly proud of St. Columba and that if we can only reach enough of these loyal followers of the Saint, our burse will not be long near the end of the list.

* * * Priest-Friends.

AN appeal to our clerical friends always brings more than money. The return word is almost invariably cheery and frequently witty. Shortly before the holidays we sent out what one of our observant friends calls a 'delicatessen touch,' and some of the results may be noted in what follows:

I am departing from a good resolution in entering your land scheme. Never before have I made such an investment and I trust it will not fall through.

I am afraid I send an infinitesimal mite in answer to your appeal. But what of it? You are so modest in your present petition. "Only a dollar bill or some stamps" displays the artist's hand. I enclose a check for five dollars and ask your devoted 'family' to pray for me. (From Illinois.)

I am enclosing a little holiday gift. I wish it were more, but—to make some excuse—the temperature was 200 below zero this morning. Does it ever get as cold as that in Maryknoll, and do you have to pay ten dollars a ton for coal? Whatever is the case, may five dollar bills shower upon you like snow! (From Minnesota.)

It seems to me that it was just about Christmas time when an appeal reached me from Maryknoll. Unfortunately, the exchequer was unusually low then, or I would have hastened to make a raise for you.

I had almost forgotten your cry, when the arrival of that master pick-pocket, the February *FIELD AFAR*, discovered for me that my rating in Bradstreet's had gone up a bit. So I'm sending you a little something, which, though late, will, I know, be none the less acceptable. Do what you like with it for the success of the work, and let's hope I'll be able to add to it before many moons. Just say a prayer for
Yours sincerely in Xto.,

* * * Pittsburgh again Our Benefactor.

FOR the third time we have been so fortunate as to share in the yearly apportionment of the Pittsburgh Diocesan Mission Fund. On February 8th, we received through Fr. Danner, the Director, a check for *one thousand dollars*, assigned to our work by the Right Rev. Regis Canevin, Bishop of Pittsburgh.

The Pittsburgh Diocesan Mission Fund is accumulated through various methods. The Reverend Director prepares weekly a mission column for the local Catholic paper, addresses gatherings of the faithful, scatters mite boxes, and in other ways excites and sustains interest in missions at home and abroad. Once a year the fund is divided among several missionary works, including usually the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and Church Extension.

Burses to the Front.



Take no payment from our students of philosophy or theology, and we must consequently secure enough burses to provide for all of these. We require other burses for several of our preparatory students, as we find it hard to refuse what looks like a real missionary vocation, simply because a boy comes empty-handed.

So we are pushing just now on our *Burse List*. Cards have been prepared, each burse having its own special card; and every card extends an invitation to fill twenty spaces and add one greenback to our burse-fund.

Select, then, your favorite burse, and let us supply you with some cards to pass among your friends. This will establish you in God's sight as an apostle, since you help to prepare apostles.

* *

Schools are Coming.

WE are gratified to learn that several classes in a parochial school in Paterson, N. J., are making spiritual bouquets for the foreign missions, as an Easter offering.

A Sunday School in East Greenwich, R. I., sent us recently the tidy little sum of \$23.27. We have many good friends among priests in this country, but Sunday School co-operation in foreign mission work is as unusual among Catholics as it is common among Protestants. We record this fact as evidence of how much lies ahead of the foreign mission promoter in this country.

WE ask your prayers for the souls of:

M. Rev. P. Riordan	Myles McDonough
Sr. M. de Sales	Lawrence McMahon
Sr. Catherine	James Ireland
Mrs. MacGinley	Mrs. Catherine Hayes
Mary A. Powers	Dr. W. H. Langdon
Mrs. Roe	Ellen Mullen
Patrick C. Sullivan	Helen F. Burns
Patrick O'Brien	William Carter
Mrs. E. Loughlin	Elizabeth Tuite
Mary E. Donnelly	Mrs. John Lynch
Patrick Brennan	Mrs. James Rooney



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